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Alexander Maclaren.

THE NOTED SPEAKER AND WRITER.

The following sketch of Dr. Maclaren's life is from the 'Union Gospel News.' Dr. Maclaren is perhaps best known on this side of the Atlantic by his weekly Sunday-school lessons in the 'Sunday-school Times':—

One of God's agents, whom He has used in a wonderful way for the clear exposition of His Word, is Alexander Maclaren, a man who has gradually, unobtrusively and quietly come into prominence; a man whose personality is so exceedingly strong that only a glance into his benign face inspires confidence.

Alexander Maclaren was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1826. At the age of sixteen he was baptized by Dr. Patterson, his father being a Baptist preacher.

Soon after this event he left the 'land o' cakes' to pursue his ministerial studies in England. There he has remained ever since. Stepney has the proud distinction of being the place where he received his education.

Mr. Maclaren is now noted for his studious, thoughtful ways, and those characteristics were dominant points even in his early life. He was especially fine in languages, and obtained the prize in Hebrew and Greek a number of times.

In appearance Dr. Maclaren is very prepossessing. He keeps young, notwithstanding the many cares that have been heaped upon him, and looks far less than seventy years old. His face is long and thin; he has piercing black eyes and a broad forehead that indicates strong intellectuality.

Dr. Cuyler, who is his warm intimate friend, said that while in England he did not see a man, with the exception of Gladstone, who possessed so fine a head as Dr. Maclaren.

His first pastorate was at Portland square, Hampton; his second charge was as pastor of the Union Baptist Church, Oxford, Manchester, England, where he still is, making a sojourn of thirty-eight years in one place.

Maclaren prefers the old authors, and his study wall hang portraits of Tennyson and Carlyle. His favorite writers, aside from those already mentioned, are Wordsworth, Emerson and Coleridge. To them he is deeply grateful for aiding him in his guiding it into new channels, enlarging his power of perception. He says: 'No man of our time can do this for him.'

When he speaks it is without a manuscript, and he has a chance to understand the depth of his arguments. As he speaks of his subject, his face lights up and he speaks with the intense earnestness and pathy that pervades his whole being. The 'love of Christ melts into his words.'

He concentrates his mind and thought upon his sermon, for he does not address his flock in the evening. That discourse is the fruit of a week's diligent study.

His sole aim in preaching is, and ever has been, to teach the Scriptures, and not to affirm or refute men's theories concerning them. In this task he more than fulfils the expectations of his hearers. His originality and excellent power of illustration have been of great value to him. To hear him is a constant delight, for the unexpected is ever sure to arise. Each new thought comes laden with a freshness that rivals in beauty of application any of the preceding ideas. His gestures are often clumsy, but are expressive nevertheless.

Dr. Maclaren is a popular preacher, pos-

sessing more than the qualities that are commonly attributed to such an one. He goes further than saying things that are merely pleasing to the ear. He gets a clear insight into the meaning of the Scriptures, and successfully conveys the idea to his listeners.

On account of Dr. Maclaren's ill-health, and his devotion to books, he does not see much of his congregation except on Sunday. An assistant helps him in his pastoral duties, and he is permitted to devote his time to literary pursuits.

It is with a tinge of regret that he speaks of his inability to come into closer communion with his flock. The congregation feel satisfied, however, being only too glad of the



REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

sessing more than the qualities that are commonly attributed to such an one. He goes further than saying things that are merely pleasing to the ear. He gets a clear insight into the meaning of the Scriptures, and successfully conveys the idea to his listeners.

The hymns he gives out are from a book of his own compilation, while the only choir that blends its voices in God's praise is the congregation. In speaking of that feature of the service an eminent clergyman said, 'Quartettes are no more allowed there than in heaven.'

The church where he speaks has a seating

privilege of once a week hearing so talented a man.

As he talks each Sunday, a reporter is present, and takes down the address for a weekly Baptist paper. The sermon, if accurately reported, could go into the paper without correction. Dr. Maclaren would not find it necessary to go back and rectify loose sentences, for he has none. He is extremely logical in his line of thought, while each idea is expressed in the clearest, most forcible language possible.

It is extremely interesting to read comments concerning Dr. Maclaren written years

ago when as a young man he began his career at Manchester. People looked for great things from him, and even then it was stated that his sermons were the result of reflection and faith.

He is perhaps best known in this country by his volumes of sermons. The printed lectures pertaining to Colossians and the Epistle to Philemon are deemed most excellent. Those that Dr. Maclaren considers his best are two sermons entitled, 'David's Cry for Pardon' and 'Cry for Purity,' and an address delivered before the National Bible Society from the text, 'It is time for thee to work.'

One nowadays rarely picks up a religious paper that is circulated among English-speaking people without seeing a quotation from the pen of Alexander Maclaren.

Just a few lines are sufficient for him in which to present a thought in a pointed and able manner. Take this for example:

"The out-and-out Christian is a joyful Christian. The half-and-half Christian is the kind of a Christian that a great many of you are—little acquainted with the Lord. Why should we live half way up the hill, and swathed in mists, when we might have an unclouded sky and a visible sun over our heads if we would climb higher and walk in the light of His face?"

Our attention has been especially directed to this noted divine by reason of the grand ministerial jubilee that was accorded to him in Manchester, the field of his labors for thirty-eight years. Any one who was present on that occasion could not question the unbounded respect, love and reverence that are his portion wherever he goes.

Not long after the celebration of this anniversary a breakfast was tendered him in London. Many of the most prominent Baptists were present to do him honor, as well as eminent members of other denominations. All recognize the universal good work he is doing. In answer to a speech addressed to him at that time it is said his reply was 'remarkable for its reticence and modesty, not less than for its literary grace.'

Nobility of character, strength of purpose, Christian fortitude, and implicit trust in God have been telling factors in this quiet yet strong life.

Christians and the Theatre.

The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler has been giving the religious papers an expression of his views on the old but ever new subject, 'Ought Christians to patronize the theatre?' Dr. Cuyler gives a number of reasons why he thinks they ought not. One reason is because the theatre 'constantly unsexes woman by presenting her before the public gaze in masculine attire.' Another reason adduced is that 'a very large proportion of the plays presented in the average theatre contain more or less of immoral teaching.' Dr. Cuyler also adduces the testimony of Fanny Kemble, the actress, William D. Howells, and other notable people in the theatrical world and out of it, in support of his contention that the theatre is a vicious and demoralizing agency. For a further view from the same source we quote from Dr. Cuyler's article as it appears in 'The North-western Christian Advocate':

'If the theatre is a school of morals, as its defenders constantly contend, then the teachers in that school ought not only to learn their own lessons, but to bear the most high and irreproachable character. I do not affirm that every actor is immoral nor every actress is impure; but I have no doubt that the best of them would confess that if they manage to preserve a delicate purity of heart they do so in the face of terrible temptations. A celebrated actress told a friend

of mine that she "only enters a theatre to enact her own part, and has as little association as possible with the members of her profession." An actor who had quit the stage from conscientious convictions once said to me, when we passed the playhouse in which he had often performed, "Behind those curtains lies Sodom!" It is notorious that a very large proportion of the plays presented in the average theatre contains more or less of immoral teaching; and the exhibition which the theatre makes of itself in the pictorial advertisements that cover the dead walls is enough to reveal its true character. The theatre, as I have already remarked, is a public institution to be estimated by the sum total of its influence, just as the pulpit is. And if a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ bestows his pecuniary patronage upon the theatre, then is he to that degree responsible for it, and in a moral partnership with it.

'There is an old and plausible theory that if Christian people would all agree to sustain an entirely unexceptionable drama by unexceptionable performers, the theatre would be regenerated. It is a lamentable fact that this has proved to be an "iridescent dream." The experiment has not proved successful when fairly attempted. The theatre manager is not a professional philanthropist; he "runs" his business simply and solely to make money. He produces what pays best; and if he can spice his evening entertainments with a plot that turns on some sort of sexual depravity, or burlesque of evangelical religion, or a shameless exposure of physical beauty, the temptation to fill his coffers is too strong to be resisted. The licentious stage and the Sabbath-breaking press are both conducted for filthy lucre; and the Christian who contributes to the support of either or of both is responsible for the spiritual mischief that they work.'

Where It Began.

One of our busy bankers, ever ready to turn a listening ear to the cry of a soul for light, however pressing his secular work, was interrupted by a mechanic who entered his office, evidently borne down by a heavy burden. His first remark was: 'Mr. —, I am bad off. I'm broke. I must have help.' Of course, our banker expected to be asked for pecuniary aid. 'Tell me what you need. Are you in financial straits?'

'Worse than that,' was the reply; 'I am a spiritual bankrupt!' and tears and sobs shook the strong man as he sat in the presence of his friend the personification of grief.

The story he told has its thousands of counterparts. Said he:

'Myself and wife are members of — Church. We have not been inside its walls for more than two years. I have drifted out and away into darkness, and I am at unrest. Will you, can you, help me?'

'But tell me the cause of this backsliding. Where did the departure begin, and what has brought you to me in such a condition?'

'Well,' said he, 'my little girls were at the Sabbath-school concert last Sabbath. On their return I asked as to the lesson of the evening. Their reply was, "Prayer," and turning to me, one of the dear pets said, with such an appealing look: "Papa, you used to pray with us; why don't you now?" This question for three days has sounded in my ears day and night. I cannot sleep. I am at unrest. What shall I do?'

'Where did you leave off?'

'With the omission of family prayer. At first morning devotions were omitted. I was in haste to get to my work. I excused

myself because of the lack of time. Then at evening I gradually left off the habit on the plea of weariness or some other excuse. The neglect of Sabbath service followed, till at last I am here, with no rest, no comfort, no peace. Neither my wife nor myself has been to church for two years.'

The practical answer of the banker was:

'Begin where you left off. Commence to-night. Call your family together and pray with them.'

'But I cannot; it is far harder than at first.'

'Very well, if you will not do this you will have no rest, and I hope you will continue in this condition till you again resume the duty which you never should have laid aside.'

With a few kindly words they parted, but not till the tired soul had made the promise desired. The burden was taken up, duty became a pleasure, new life and joy came to the household, and, with loving harmony, the family are now walking upward toward their Father's house.—'Congregationalist.'

Honorable Defeat.

No one living but dreads defeat. Yet if you can only win your point by dishonorable actions, then defeat is an honor. Points may be lost, but character is won. Character is the only thing we can take with us out of this life, and is the chief thing worth striving for here. William Wetmore Story puts it well in his 'To Victor':

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell
in the battle of life,
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who
died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for
whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brow
wore the chaplet of fame,
But the hymn of the low and the humble,
the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove, and who failed, acting bravely
a silent but desperate part,
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches,
whose hope burned in ashes away;
Whose hand slipped the prize they had
grasped at; who stood at the dying of
day,
With the work of their life all around them
unpitted, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down on their failure
and all but their faith overthrown;
When the voice of the world shouts its
rus, its paeon for those who have
When the trumpet is sounding triumph
and high to the breeze and the
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping
and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned
I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow 'mongst those who
and wounded and dying, a
Chant a requiem low, lay my head
pain-knotted brow, breathe
Hold the hand that is helpless,
They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight
vanquished the demon that
within,
Who have held to their faith un
the prize that the world hold
Who have dared for a high cause
resist, fight, if need be to die
Speak, history, who are life's victo
thy long annals and say,
Are they those whom the world
victors, who have won the
a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Sp
fell at Thermopylae's tryst
Or the Persians or Xerxes? h
Socrates? Pilate or Chr

Girls in Burmah.

The Burmese young woman is certainly one of the most picturesque women of the East, says Mr. Henry Charles Moore in the 'Young Woman.' Her dress, pleasantly con-

attitudes without experiencing the slightest inconvenience.

Superstition is terribly rife in Burmah, and it enters into the daily life of every young woman. There are lucky and unlucky days

And when a girl is old enough to undergo the ear-boring ceremony, her parents consult an astrologer, who selects, with considerable ostentation, a favorable day and hour for the rite. This event, which takes place when a girl is about twelve or thirteen years of age, is supposed to indicate her transition from girlhood to womanhood. The astrologer having decided upon a day which will bring every happiness to the young girl, her parents invite their friends to be present on the important occasion. It is a day of rejoicing, and a band is early in attendance. It plays energetically and unceasingly throughout the ceremony. There are two or three performers for every instrument, so that directly one tires another takes a turn at emitting the unmelodious sounds. The arrival of the professional ear-borer creates intense excitement and interest among the guests. Certain formalities are gone through, and then the young woman is held down by her female relations while the operator pierces the lobes of her ears with a gold needle. The fashionable earrings, consisting generally of pieces of jadestone, are unpleasantly large, and it is some time before the young woman succeeds in distending her ears to the required size. Women of the lower class, when travelling, carry spare cheroots in their ears.



A BURMESE YOUNG WOMAN.

spicuous for its modesty, consists of a tight-fitting, brilliantly-flowered silk skirt and a loose white jacket with tight sleeves. A gorgeous silk handkerchief is generally thrown over her shoulders. Her long jet-black hair is done up on the top of her head, and adorned with bright wild orchids. She is particularly proud of her hair, and frequently lets it down and does it up again in the public streets. Unfortunately, the Burmese young woman is an inveterate betel chewer, and her lips, gums, and teeth are consequently blood-red. She also smokes, and her favorite cheroot is a big green thing about a foot in length and two inches in circumference. Tiny little girls who can only just walk placidly smoke these huge things, comically distending their childish mouths in the performance. It is quite a common thing, too, to see a mother take the lighted cheroot from her own mouth and place it in that of the infant she is carrying, native fashion, astride on her hip.

Every Burmese boy is gratuitously educated at the Buddhist monasteries, but it is not considered at all necessary to educate a girl. So she spends her young days in the streets, flying strange-looking kites, singing quaint little songs, or practising the queer contortions and swaying of the body which she calls dancing. At a very early age she is taught to bend herself in almost any position, and her muscles are so pliant that she can strike the most uncomfortable-looking

for nearly everything—even for washing the head, a duty which no young woman would dream of performing upon an unlucky day.

That Provoking Brother!

(By Antonia J. Stemple.)

'Do go away, Charles, and don't bother me! Can't you see I'm busy?' 'You're always busy whenever I want anything of you,' grumbled Charles. 'You're the biggest cross-patch that ever lived; and I'm thankful everybody hasn't your angelic temper,' he concluded heatedly.

'Will you be quiet?' angrily asked his sister. 'Every time I'm busy you come along and want something. Here I've been trying to read, and this is the second time within five minutes that you have disturbed me.'

'What are you reading? Ah, I see; the Bible—mighty interesting! I've sometimes heard it called a good book, but as it seems to be your guide and instructor, I doubt whether it is!' and Charles banged the door and went out, whistling.

'Isn't he too provoking!' exclaimed Lot-



A BURMESE FAMILY—FATHER, MOTHER, AND FIVE DAUGHTERS

He, angrily, to her mother, who just then came into the room. 'Charles is just as hateful as he can be, and he is enough to try the patience of a saint!'

'Why, what has gone wrong now?' asked Mrs. Merriam, regarding her daughter a little sadly.

'Oh, Charles got angry, and said hateful things, because I told him he was disturbing me. You know I am to lead the Christian Endeavor meeting to-morrow night, and I was preparing myself on the subject. First, Charles came in, and I had to sew a button on his coat, and the next time he wanted me to examine some new music he had got for his violin. Then I told him I was busy, and that he was not to disturb me, and he flew up and became very angry. To be sure, I was a little cross, and might have spoken more gently,' added Lottie apologetically, noting her mother's looks, 'but then he is so trying.'

'Don't you think you might exercise just a little more patience?'

'I suppose I ought, but patience has almost ceased to be a virtue.'

Mrs. Merriam shook her head and made no reply to this, but said: 'I have just received a letter from Cousin Catharine; she is coming to visit us for two weeks.'

'How delightful!' smilingly exclaimed Lottie, reading the letter which her mother handed her, 'and she will be here day after to-morrow.'

At the expected time Catharine Leith, the much-loved cousin, arrived. She was not a pretty girl, but so bright and good-natured that she was a favorite with all with whom she came in contact. She was about the same age as her cousin, but there all similarity ceased. Lottie was hasty and impatient, and had a temper which she was by no means particular to control. Catharine looked on the bright side of life, and was a helpful body, and though she was naturally possessed of a quick temper, she had admirable control of it, a result which had been accomplished only after infinite hard work.

Both Lottie and Charles were very fond of their merry cousin. Charles especially enjoyed her visits, for she seemed to understand a boy's wants so thoroughly, and entered into and took an interest in all his plans, something which Lottie rarely did.

After the last falling out between sister and brother, Charles treated Lottie very coldly, and went about with an injured air, avoiding all conversation with her. He devoted more time to his cousin than ever before, and Lottie felt just a little hurt.

It did not take Catharine long to discover how matters stood, and when she had been but a few days in the house she said to Lottie: 'What is wrong between you and Charles? Your relations seem rather strained.'

'Well, they are, slightly. We are always having petty little quarrels and disputes, but it's all his fault,' and then Lottie related the last occurrence with a much-injured air.

'Don't you think,' said Catharine, when her cousin had concluded, 'that you are a little to blame?'

'I don't see why,' replied Lottie, reddening. 'If he wasn't always provoking and disturbing me, we never should have any trouble.'

'Now, Lottie, don't think I consider myself better than you, but I am just going to tell you a little experience of my own. You know I have a quick temper, and so has my brother George. Well, we used to be quarrelling continually, and, strange as it may seem, after I gave my heart to Christ we quarrelled worse than ever. You see, I spent much time over church affairs, and was always rushed and worried because I

wanted to do so much for Christ and the church. But I was blind to my duties at home, and neglected them, and had no patience with George, who, you know, is a nervous little fellow, and so anxious to learn. He was always trying to find out the why and wherefore of things, and he asked innumerable questions. Instead of answering them, I used to bid him find out for himself and not bother me, or else I would scold him for asking them. He took my rebuffs good-naturedly at first, but finally he grew morbid, and wouldn't come near me or have a word to say, and he stayed away from home all he possibly could. This state of affairs did not trouble me for a long time, but after a while it hurt my feelings to see George avoiding me as though I were dangerous, and it made me remember that I promised dear mother on her death-bed to care for and be a good sister to him.

'One day I heard him telling some other boys that he didn't believe in God or religion; that he had a sister who called herself a Christian, and he knew what selfish hypocrites they all were. His companions were of the worst, and he was learning their ways. And all this time, mind you, Lottie, I was a professing Christian, attending every church meeting, and an active church worker, but letting my only brother go to ruin before my eyes. That speech, which I overheard, almost broke my heart, and then I realized how unjust and unkind I was to George, and that I was driving him away from all good.

'You can imagine how I felt, but I prayed for help, and resolved that I would win my brother back. It was hard work, as you can believe, and I often became discouraged, but little by little I influenced him, and he is soon going to join the church, and I can't find words for my happiness.'

Lottie had been listening intently, and when Catharine had finished, she said, 'Thank you, Catharine, for giving me your experience. You have opened my eyes, and hereafter I will not be so selfish and ugly, and neither Charles nor anyone else shall have cause to doubt the sincerity of my religion.'

'With God's help, you will certainly succeed, Lottie. You see, "living Christ daily" is what counts. It isn't easy to "live Christ" in the face of petty annoyances and troubles, but I now realize that the first place to begin Christ-like living is at home, and about one's daily duties; and I tell you, Lottie, that is the best way of serving Christ. We are apt to think that these little things don't count, and that is where we make a grievous mistake.'

When Catharine next came to visit the Merriams she had no need to ask how matters stood between brother and sister. A wonderful transformation had taken place, and Charles and Lottie were the dearest friends. Charles was never tired of singing his sister's praises, and, best of all, he, too, had been drawn into the fold through his sister's life and influence.—'The Examiner.'

THE GIRL WHO IS EVER WELCOME.

The welcome guest is the girl who, knowing the hour for breakfast, appears at the table at the proper time, does not keep others waiting, and does not get in the way by being down half an hour before her hostess appears.

The welcome guest is the girl who has sufficient energy to take care of her own room while she is visiting; and if there are people whose duty it is, she makes that duty as light as possible by putting away her own belongings.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

'WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG.'

'Yes, dear Granny, one more story. There will be time for one. The one "When you were young," you know.'

And little Margaret's bright, entreating face looked up at her grandmother.

The tea was on the table. Grannie had just come in from the sweet garden outside, where roses were trailing over her cottage, and a honeysuckle arbor stood at the end of the walk.

'When I was young is seventy years ago and more,' she answered, smiling, as she drew up her chair to the table. The little fair-haired child drew nearer, and laying her small hand on the kind old one, she said in a lower voice, 'The one about you and the smugglers, please.'

So Grannie began, and she told a story of a beautiful old house in Hampshire, where there was a great park, and curious caverns which led to the sea, and where as a little girl she had been nursemaid to the ladies there.

'All sorts of people came and went, but we were told to take no notice of them; but one day little Miss Dorothy, who was always so rash, said she would go into the cave and see and hear for herself what the noise was. We had all been out for a walk, and when we got back to the Hall she gave us the slip. Nurse was so angry and said it was my fault, but I thought she was with her, and we hunted the place over for her.'

Grannie stopped for a minute. 'The tea will get cold,' she said. But Margaret put up her hand:

'You must say this part; this is the wonderful bit, the bit about the cave.'

'Well, I don't know now how I came to do it,' said Grannie, smiling, 'but I went down to the shore where we were forbidden to go, and went to the entrance of the cave. It was perfectly still, and very dark. I waited a moment; and then, though my voice shook so that I did not know it, I called out "Miss Dorothy!" "Miss Dorothy!" "Miss Dorothy," answered back the echo, and then there was a stillness. I went a few steps forward, and then all of a sudden a torch-light flashed into my face and a harsh voice said, "Here's a fresh bale of spirits," and it seemed to me as if the darkness were full of dreadful voices. I stood quite still, but I was praying all the while, "Oh, dear Lord, keep me brave, keep me safe!" Then suddenly the cave was lit up, and what do you think I saw? About thirty men, some drunk, some sober, but all quite wild-looking, and great casks of brandy and rum and spirits piled up and up by the rock. "What have you come here for?" a man said with a pistol in his hand. "To see if my young mistress is here, which God forbid," I answered. Some of them laughed, but the one with the pistol said, "None look in here and live." "And better die than live here," I replied. The man looked strangely at me, and lowered his pistol. "Put her in the boat and ship her off," some cried. "No," the captain said, "she is a brave bit of goods, and her pluckiness don't come from the casks. Look here, my girl, do you know we could shoot you in a minute and no one would be the wiser?" "God and the angels would see you," I said. He winced for a minute. "God and the angels," he said, and he took my shoulder and pushed me quite gently back out of the cave. A year after a dying man sent for our squire and said God and the angels had drawn him from the smuggling as they had saved a child before, and he was the man who had spoken to me. Miss Dorothy was only hiding; but, Margaret, the dear Lord led me into that cave as surely as He saved me from its dangers.—'Adviser.'

The New Organ.

(Catharine Shaw, in 'Our Darlings.')

'Why, father! how cold you look! Come along and sit by the fire. See it is blazing up finely, and you are so fond of a blaze.'

The words were spoken by a young woman, who was bustling about cheerily.

'Father' watched her from his armchair,



which he had pushed discontentedly near the window, where he had sat all the morning silently nursing his grievances.

His daughter-in-law was the bright spot in his life, but even that had failed to comfort him this morning.

Since he had got over the first blow of Ned's marriage, he had gradually come to find that Ned's Kittie was the best Kittie in the world, in spite of his fears; but the peace of his life was rather shortlived, for to-day another trial, a greater than all the rest, had come up large and gloomy before him, and had shut out all the sunshine once more.

Ever since 'Father' had been a boy he had played the violin at the village church, leading the singing proudly, and ruling over the other performers with a somewhat tight hand.

But now changes had come. The new vicar and a new organ.

His grief and indignation knew no bounds. Nothing that Ned could say had any effect, and he had to go to his work leaving his father's gloomy face behind.

Kittie flitted about all the morning. She and Ned were praying ones, and when things were too hard for them to manage, they took them to the Lord.

So as she went about her work, she said, 'Lord, help poor father to bear it! Make a way out of it for him!'

Father did not guess she was praying. That was not his sort of religion—at present; so he sat cold and miserable, and watched Kittie hither and thither with his sad eyes.

At last the kitchen looked as neat as a new pin, and once more invited, the old man made his way over to the fire; he looked ten years older than he had done yesterday!

'Only a month! It's to be done in a month,' he groaned, gazing at the case of his loved instrument; 'only a month, and it is all over. I tell you one thing, Kittie, he'll never see me inside the church when the organ's there!'

'Not to worship God, father?'

The old man shook his head wrathfully. 'I couldn't do it,' he said again and again.

'Poor father!' said Kittie tenderly, 'it's terribly hard for you after all these years; but perhaps the Lord wants you to do something else for Him!'

'There's nothing left, child,' he answered

bitterly. 'I've led the choir this forty years, and there's nothing left.'

That was what he thought then, and thought for many a long day, even after the organ was put up and had ceased to be a wonder.

But Ned and Kittie prayed on, and when they came home on Sunday from church, his daughter-in-law would say to him in her little loving way, 'The Lord has something for you to do at church, father. I wish you would come and see!'

Though the old man shook his head still, his hard heart was thawing a little under the warm rays of Kittie's love and patience.

One Sunday he was out alone in the early sunshine, and seeing the church open, he suddenly thought he would like to know what the Lord could possibly want of him. What did Kittie mean? Perhaps he would find out, there.

Slowly he took his seat on one of the benches, and sat on and on lost in his sad thoughts. He had no violin with him, nothing but his wounded, self-willed, broken heart.

He did not notice that the congregation came in one by one, and he nearly fainted when the soft strains of the new organ began. But when the words greeted him, 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit,' he knew all at once what it was the Lord wanted of him—what he had withheld all those years—and humbly he laid it—his broken and contrite heart—at the feet of Him who died 'to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.'

People wondered at the sunshine that had suddenly come into 'Father's face,' but Kittie and Ned did not wonder.

'It's just surprisin', father would say, as



he made himself useful in Ned's home. 'I never thought I should be so happy. My heart is singin' all the day long, and I can play the old tunes here at home! But it's the Lord has done it all!'

The Wrong Fellow.

(Charles H. Dorris, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

John came into my presence looking as disconsolate as the Gloucester coast in winter.

'Whew, what can be the matter with you this morning?' I asked. 'You look as though you were in the procession swinging along to your own funeral.'

'Well, I am,' croaked John.

'O—d to hear that you are alive to your

condition, then,' I replied. 'But tell me, I pray, what is the great first cause of all this change of countenance?'

'The first great cause, you ask?' queried John. 'Well, the matter is enough to change the face of a stone image, I say, with my employer so far gone as to have "snakes in his boots," as last night he did have.'

'So?' I replied.

Then John fiercely answered: 'Yes, just so; and next thing the creditors will be winding up the concern; then, indeed, will I at my own funeral be blithely dancing.'

'Oh,' said I, 'it's yourself you are worrying about, is it? Caring simply for your own best welfare, is that it? Sort o' selfish, are you not, wanting the oils of consolation poured alone on your head; at the same time a man worse off than yourself is even now learning the meaning of perdition? Come, now, my cast-down, stand yourself up before me.'

John, with a whipped-cur sort of expression, stood up.

'How tall are you?'

'Five feet nine inches.'

'At what notch do you usually tip the beam?'

'At the one hundred and fifty-sixth notch.'

'And your digestion is good?'

'No need to worry about that!'

'And your muscles are firm, no heart trouble, no chronic disease playing hide-go-seek about you?'

'Doctor says I am not liable to die under old age.'

'And you are a Christian, are you, and president of the young people's society?'

'Y-e-s,' slowly responded John.

'Now, young Mr. Cast-down, I want you to look me straight in the eye. How about that other fellow? What are his prospects? Has he good digestion, healthy heart, clear brain, and is a good old age in store for him? And is he likely to enter into the kingdom of heaven when done with transitory things?'

No reply.

'Then you do not consider his chances very good for this world or the world to come, do you?'

John hung his head while he faintly replied, 'No.'

'Well, then, old fellow, it sort o' dawns upon my perceptibilities that you are worrying about the wrong fellow. Is not that the way it seems to you?'

'Yes,' replied John.

'Well, now, you go back to that store, and work and pray for your employer as you never before dreamed of doing. It is a case of the life or death of an immortal soul, and the crisis, the turning point, may not yet have been passed. Get kindly affectioned men and women to work and pray with you. For it may be that this brand, so nearly consumed, may even yet be snatched from the burning.'

'I will,' replied John, 'and may God be my helper.'

John did go back, and in one year's time the man once so near the drunkard's hell was clothed and in his right mind, while John is to-day junior partner in one of the most prosperous establishments of all the city.

And now, indulgent reader, the advice I give you is: Be very careful that you do not worry about the wrong fellow; and again, that you do not always wait for advice to be first asked before it is given.

The little worries which we meet each day May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way, Or we may make them stepping-stones to be Of grace, O Christ, to thee.

—Bright Jewels.

[For the 'Messenger.'

Winter Plans and Sailors' Comforts.

I had been wondering all summer by what new plan I could interest my Sunday-school class in work for others during the coming winter. I had thought of a little bazaar, but as I thought there came to my mind a scene I had witnessed on a former occasion. Six excited little girls, some elated over their success in 'selling things for the poor,' some jealous of the success of others—one girl had left the class at this time and had never returned, two others had not 'been on speaking terms' for several months after, and altogether it did not seem to leave any of them in the most Christian frame of mind.

The class had increased to ten now, and I felt that we must do something as a class for the help and comfort of other people, to keep from growing selfish in our cosy little corner.

The year before we had given a Thanksgiving dinner to a poor family, but by some mistake the family got another dinner from some one else, and the girls felt that ours was wasted; besides, one of the girls in the class came from even a poorer home than the one on which we bestowed our charity, and I felt that perhaps we had not done very wisely after all, though it certainly was a good thing for the girls to give to some special object, and one good thing came out of it, which was that little Bertha began to come to Sunday-school after it. Being just the same age as my girls, she was put in my class, and a more restless child of eleven it has seldom been my duty to come in contact with. However, to go back to the Thanksgiving dinner, the chief objection to that was that it only kept the girls busy during the first part of the winter. You see, I began teaching in Sunday-school when I was very young, and I am not very old yet, but I try to improve each year; and I think I really have got a very good plan for this year.

The other day I dropped in to see Constance (Constance is one of my best friends; she is always doing good to people). I found her 'marking a Testament.' I had seen her at that work before, so I waited patiently till she had finished carefully ruling a line under the verse, 'Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God.'

'What's that for, Connie?' I asked, as she laid down the ruler and took up a gayly-colored cretonne bag, 'what are you making now; it must be something for some one else. But who could want a bag like that?'

'It's a comfort-bag,' she said calmly, pulling the strings to see that they went smoothly.

'A comfort-bag?' I queried. 'What may that be? You speak as though the name was its own explanation.'

Constance smiled. 'And is it not? I thought every one knew about comfort-bags; some people call them 'sailor-bags,' because it is to sailors that they are generally given.'

'But what are they for?' I interrupted. 'Why do people give them to sailors?'

'I was just about to explain,' Constance went on, 'what they are for. Each bag is furnished with black and white thread, needles, pins, a thimble, pencil, buttons, wool and other things that people wish to put in. A marked Testament and a kind letter to the sailor are always put in, and a good many people put in soap, scissors, writing paper and envelopes, and picture text cards. A friend of mine took great pains with the six she made last spring; she put in court-plaster, lint, and long, narrow strips of old cotton for bandages. She went to the tailors and asked for odd pieces of good strong stuff to send to the sailors to patch their clothes with, and they gave her some nice, heavy, dark pieces.'

'What a splendid idea!' I exclaimed.

'Yes,' said Constance, 'her bags were very complete, and doubtless did a great deal of good, but the simpler bags are very welcome also.'

'Do the sailors ever answer the letters?' I asked eagerly.

'Oh, yes, some do. Of course, after they have received their bags they frequently go on a long cruise and are out of the way of civilization for a year or two, so that it is not wonderful when they don't write, but some very touching letters have been received by those who have written kind letters and enclosed an addressed envelope. I remember one a little friend of mine received; it was some years ago, and she wrote a childish little letter, signing herself a 'little girl who loves you.' The man wrote back that he had never had any one to love him since his own mother died twenty years before, and the thought of the sweet child who now loved him and prayed for him had often kept him from doing wrong. He said he had read the little Testament at first because she had marked it for him, but soon he grew to love it for its own sake, and when he came to the verse, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' marked with red ink, he felt that he could not stay away any longer, but cried, 'I will arise and go unto my Father,' and he knelt down there and gave his heart to God, and has been a happy Christian ever since, and spends a great part of his time telling his mates about this Saviour who "is able to save to the uttermost."'

I wiped my eyes and glanced out over the river. (Connie's window commands a beautiful view of the river and the hills beyond). Connie picked up the bag which had dropped on the floor during this recital and began to put in spools and other things out of a basket beside her.

Presently a beautiful idea came into my head, and I exclaimed, 'Just the very thing I've been looking for. I knew you would give me some suggestions.'

'As to what?' asked Connie, startled by my sudden speech.

'Why, it's just the very thing, now isn't it, for my Sunday-school class? Ten little girls, and each make a bag and fill it, and that will be quite a donation for the Sailors' Institute, will it not?'

'A capital idea!' said Constance, 'and the sooner begun on the better.'

'Well,' I said, 'you give me a list of the necessary things to put in, and I will see what I can do. I am sure I can interest the girls in it.'

'To begin with, then, you want a piece of bright cretonne, about eight by twenty inches—'

'Why cretonne?' I interposed. 'I thought cretonne was not very strong stuff, and the bright colors would fade or run with the first drop of water.' I felt very wise to know more than Constance, who is several years older than I. I thought she would be disconcerted by my criticisms and hasten to change her plan. 'Now,' I said, 'I should think a good strong piece of ticking or blue jean, or—'

I was interrupted by a merry peal of laughter. 'Well done, Miss Wisdom,' said Connie, 'I had exactly the same notions myself until I asked the lady who has charge of the Sailors' Institute, which were the best, and she said the men would scarcely look at the dull or dark bags; they did want something bright. Red is their favorite color, and if it be sprinkled with yellow, blue and green, all the better.'

'Well!' I remarked meekly, 'you always did know best, Connie. What shall we put in these bags?'

'I always have two lists, one called "neces-

sary," the other "optional." Under the former heading I put first the Testament and friendly letter; second, black and white thread (good, strong linen thread you want for that), then a large thimble and a needle case with immense needles. A little bag of buttons and a pocket-pin-cushion are also necessary. Oh, yes, and a lump of bees'-wax and perhaps an emery cushion and a ball of thick, dark wool for darning. Some people put in tracts, picture cards and hymn books; a pledge card I consider very essential. Of course, one can carry out the idea to any extent, putting in all sorts of little surprises. But I think I have mentioned all the things that are positively necessary. Now for the optional; as I told you before, scissors and pen-knives are very acceptable. Soap and court-plaster, bandages and patches always come in handy. Yes, and the writing paper and envelopes, and pen or pencil, I should have included among the necessities, I think.'

It was growing dark, so I jumped up and said I must be going, but I thanked her ever so much for her kind suggestions, and determined to make use of them for my class. I hope to tell you how it succeeded at some future period.

IVY LEAF.

An Eastern Story.

It is related that when Cyrus invaded Armenia he captured the king, with all his family, and ordered them before him. 'Armenian,' said he, 'you are free, for you are sensible of your error. And what will you give me if I restore your wife to you?' 'All that I am able.'

'What if I restore your children?'

'All that I am able.'

'And you, Tigranes,' said he, turning to the son, 'what would you do to save your wife from servitude?'

Now, Tigranes was but lately married, and had great love for his wife. 'Cyrus,' he replied, 'to save her from servitude I would willingly lay down my own life.'

'Let each go his own way,' said Cyrus. And when he departed one spoke of his clemency, another of his valor, another of his beauty and the grace of his person; upon which Tigranes asked his wife if she thought he was handsome.

'Really,' said she, 'I did not look at him.'

'At whom, then, did you look?'

'At him who offered to lay down his life for me.'

Who that once sees Jesus as his or her Saviour can ever see any form to compare with that form divinely fair? See that you keep a tender heart, a warm and loving heart—a heart like Christ's.—Children's Treasury.

A Word to Boys.

What makes a boy popular? Manliness, says Hezekiah Butterworth in the 'Ladies' Home Journal.' The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt, and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy. Shall I tell you how to become a popular boy? I will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular, be the soul of honor, love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and delight to make you happy. That is what makes a boy popular.

A Common Difficulty.

There was to be a new rector at St. Jude's. 'I wonder what he is like?' said nearly every one. 'Is he musical?' asked one. 'Does he preach long sermons?' another wanted to know. 'Is he a good visitor?' 'Does he use manuscript or notes, or does he speak extemporaneously?' Everyone had something to ask, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation.

Bert Hamilton was a member of the choir of St. Jude's. He had sung there for several years; he knew everybody, and nearly every one knew him. He knew all about everything that had taken place in the parish, for, indeed, he usually had a hand in all that was going on.

'I wonder what kind of changes he'll make?' said Bert, 'for, of course, he will make some. Certainly he'll be a change himself; but I wonder if he'll change some of us. I'd just like to see this place a year from now; wonder what everything will be like?'

The new rector's first Sunday had come and had passed off. People had discussed both him and his sermons, and the verdict appeared to be a favorable one. And now he had been at St. Jude's several months. Yet so far no startling changes had taken place. Of course a good many more people were at church than formerly, but that was easily explained; some people are always attracted by anything new. Perhaps the responding was better, though that might be accounted for by the extra number of voices.

'Well, Bert,' said one of his friends one day, 'what about all your changes? Don't see many yet.'

'No,' said Bert, hesitatingly, 'I can't say that I see any changes.' But though no change was as yet apparent Bert had an instinctive feeling that something was going to take place. He did not know what; indeed, when he questioned himself he could find no ground for the feeling; yet he had it, though he could not explain it.

Presently his friends began to notice that Bert was different. He was not like himself at all; always preoccupied and quiet.

'What is the matter with you, Bert?' asked some of his more intimate friends. 'What's gone wrong? You're not a bit like you used to be. What's come over you?'

'Oh, I guess it's the change of seasons. I'll be all right when summer comes. I'll come back with the birds.'

But that did not explain it, though it was all the explanation Bert would give.

One day the rector met Bert. He was going along Barker avenue to see a sick woman, and Bert had stopped under a tree to pump up his bicycle.

'Well, Bert, what a splendid day for wheeling!'

'Yes; the roads are in first-rate condition.'

The rector was going to pass on, when Bert stopped him a moment.

'You are very busy, sir?'

'Yes. I have plenty to do. But would you like to have some of my time?'

'I hesitated to ask you, for I know you are pretty well occupied; but I would like to have a talk with you. I have only the evenings free, and you have something on for nearly every evening.'

'How would Tuesday do? Come and drink a cup of tea with me, and we can have the evening together if you like.'

'Very well, and thank you,' and in a moment Bert had mounted and was almost a block away, and the rector hastened on to the sick room.

Tuesday, at six o'clock, found Bert at the

rectory. At the tea table the rector introduced several topics for conversation, but Bert's interest did not seem to be in any of them. The rector began to see that his visitor had come with a purpose, and concluded that it would be advisable to let him accomplish it.

'Let us go to the library; we can have a good chat there.'

But in the library Bert was more constrained than ever, and the rector soon saw that he must take the initiative.

'Bert, you wanted to tell me something?'

'I want to ask you a question, sir. What would you suppose was wrong with one who on Sunday and in church, and especially during the sermon, felt his heart all aglow with love and religious feeling, but who during most of the week had a heart as cold as stone?'

'I am afraid I should have to know more of the circumstances before I could give an opinion.'

'Well, I suppose I might as well tell you that, I am speaking of myself. I find it just as I have said. On Sunday and in church I feel as if I could do anything for the Saviour, but though I start out in the week with my good intention, I make such a failure of it all that I am sure I have not the love for Him that I ought to have. I don't know what to think about it, or how to account for it. I always thought I was all right, but lately I begin to wonder if I am a real Christian at all.'

'Bert, there is one word I wonder if you could alter.'

Bert looked up inquiringly and the rector went on.

'You said you had no such love for the Saviour as you felt you ought to have. Could you change it, and say my Saviour instead of the Saviour?'

There was silence for a few minutes; but many thoughts crowded through Bert's mind during those minutes.

Presently the rector said: 'Bert, I think the whole trouble is just at that point. You know all about the Saviour, but you have never come to Him. Things will never be all right with you till you do that. Believe me, there is a great difference.'

'Many people know about Jesus, but they do not know Him, and of course we are not His people until we know Him to be our own Saviour. Listen to what it says in St. John I., 12: "As many as received him, to them gave he the power to become the sons of God;" and again at the fifth chapter and fortieth verse, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." There are two "comes" referred to there. Jesus comes to us offering something to us, and we are to come to Him to accept what He offers. We receive Him when we come to Him, and when we receive Him we are made sons of God. Now, Bert, the matter is simply this, Will you exchange your knowledge about Jesus for a knowledge of Him? Will you call Him your Saviour instead of the Saviour?'

And as they knelt down there Bert's prayer was something like this:

'Lord Jesus, I want to come to Thee; take me.'—Parish and Home.

Splendid Courage.

Pundita Ramabhai has a home for Indian widows in Poona. Her own story—her refusal to marry a man to whom she had been betrothed in infancy, the struggle in the law courts, the decision of English judges that she must marry this man, however loathsome his character, because that was Indian law; her escape from a living death by the man being bought off—all this is remem-

bered. She was not then a Christian; she is so now, though in her home there is no attempt to make Christians of the inmates. But her character, her love, her peace, have attracted the widows to her Lord, and twelve of them have just been baptized. Poona was greatly excited; and the native papers denounced her. She went into the city in the midst of the controversy to address the students. The hall was crowded, and the street in front of it packed with angry young men. But she made them listen to her, while in eloquent words she told them of Hindu moral and spiritual slavery, and of the oppression of women under Hinduism. Then she took out her Bible that (she said) she might show them how the misery of India arose from a departure from God. (She asked one of the students to bring her a lamp that she might see to read; she was at once obeyed!) She declared that she did not fear their opinion or their threats. The Lord who had freed her from bondage stood by her, she said, and delivered her from fear. The audience heard her to the end, and let her go unmolested. It was splendid courage, and it will tell.—Presbyterian.

What the Persian Thought.

Some of our churches have had a visit from a young Persian, the son of a native Christian, who owed his knowledge of the Saviour to that noble woman, Miss Fidelia Fiske. The most interesting thing about this dark-eyed stranger was not our sight of him, and through him of his country; no, it was his view of us.

The instinctive courtesy of the Oriental was on his tongue, but in spite of that it was impossible not to see surprise and disappointment in his face. The only standard he had to judge us by was the New Testament.

'I asked one of your Christian ladies,' said the Oriental, in an impressive, musical voice, 'what sacrifice she made for Saviour?' She say, "Go to church three time on Sunday." Ah, friends, in my country Christian lay down his life for Saviour.—Forward.

The Three Little Daisies.

A FABLE.

Three little daisies
That grew in a row
Were hanging their heads in dismay;
They said to themselves,
'We're so very small—
Just wild flowers, the children say.'

They felt quite despised,
And thought they were made
For no use in the world at all;
They looked all around,
And saw other flowers
So stately, so graceful, and tall.

But soon a dear child
Came running along,
Her hands full of roses so bright,
But seeing the daisies,
Just flung them away,
So happy was she with the sight.

'Oh, the dear little flowers!
I love them so well.
She gathered them gently with care,
And carried them home.
To be always near
Her sweet little daisies so fair.

Whatever we are,
Wherever we're placed,
Has been done by God's loving hand;
And though we are small
Our deeds may be true,
And contentment's His grace is command.
—Sunday Reading.

Little Folks.

The Buttermilk Boy.

'Milk, milk, butter-milk!'

The shrill cry, repeated several times, at last penetrated old Miss Martha's brain, and awoke her from her afternoon doze by the parlor fire. She started up, thereby dropping her glasses, which fell with a clatter on to the rug, and stared about her in the bewildered way which a person has when suddenly aroused from a sound sleep.

'Milk, milk, butter-milk!'

The sound was just outside the window, where her canary was hopping about in his cage, and the snowdrops in the big flower-pot beneath were turning their white buds to the strong afternoon sunshine.

'To be sure,' exclaimed the old lady, jumping up in a tremendous hurry. 'I knew I had heard something. It's the butter-milk man.'

So, as Miss Martha's little maid was gone out for the afternoon, and there was nobody else to do the business, she trotted off herself along the passage to the kitchen behind for a jug, armed with which she trotted back again to the front door and opened it.

A boy about ten years of age, very ragged and dirty, stood there. Seizing her jug he inquired: 'Pennyworth, mem?' 'I'll fetch it for you directly,' and off he ran before the old lady could find a word to say in answer.

'Dear, dear,' she observed plaintively to herself. 'The butter-milk man should not have such dirty boys to take the milk about. I don't believe I shall ever be able to enjoy a scone with my tea made out of butter-milk that creature has carried. He looks as if he hadn't been washed for a week,' she continued to herself, as she watched her unwelcome messenger slowly returning, holding the brimming jug very carefully in both hands. 'There, that will do,' she said, hastily taking it out of his grimy paws. 'Child, do you never wash yourself?'

The boy stared at her in much surprise, and made no reply, so Miss Martha handed him the penny and shut the door. Presently, however, when she had deposited the butter-milk jug on the kitchen dresser, and was returning once more to her parlor, she was much startled by hearing a door upstairs suddenly bang to, and looking up, in much alarm, she beheld a very dirty little face, surmounted by a tangled shock of brown curls, staring at her over the banisters. Miss Martha was greatly alarmed at first, but the next moment her fright gave way to perplexity, when the shrill voice which had awakened her from her slumbers rung out over her head: 'Milk,

milk, butter-milk!' and she recognized the small boy she had a few moments before closed her door upon.

'Come down, boy,' she commanded promptly. 'What in the world do you want up there?'

'Are there no more folk live in this house,' he demanded, as he obeyed her orders. 'The maister said I was to go to all the folk.'

'Oh, I see,' said the old lady, with an amused smile stealing over her puzzled face. 'You thought there was somebody living in every room, did you?'

'Aye, and I was to go to everyone,' he repeated sturdily. 'Willie said I was to do just what Dick Steedman tell't me, and he said I was to go to all the folk.'

'Who is Will?' asked Miss Mar-

ment 'I'll give you a piece of my plum-cake. I like to see people trying to do their duty.'

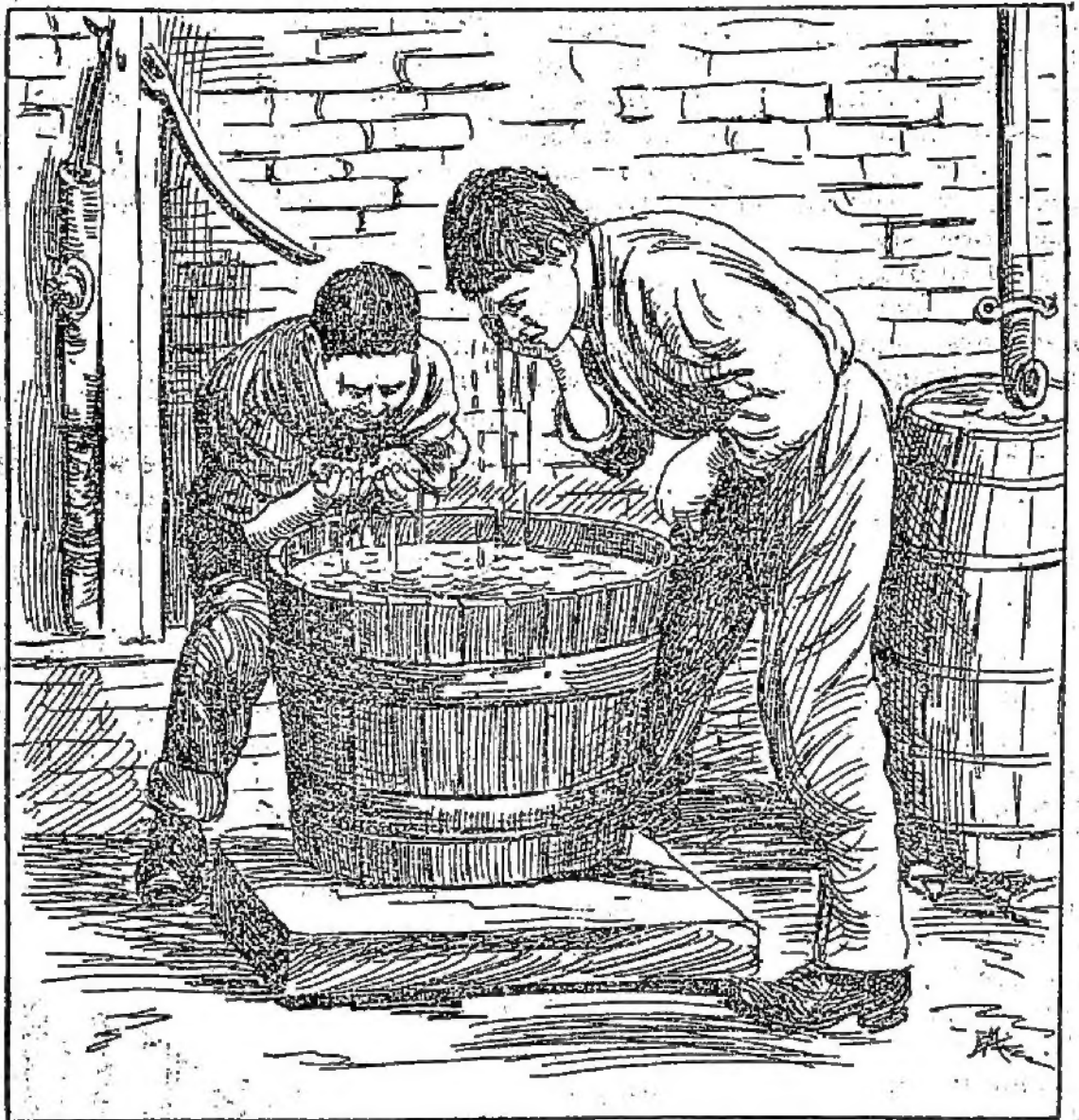
'That's what Will says,' remarked Tommy, as he modestly stood on the parlor mat, and watched with eager eyes Miss Martha cutting a generous slice off the big cake on the sideboard. 'And what does Will do?' asked the old lady.

'He's in a beer-shop, mem.'

'Oh, dear, that's bad,' said Miss Martha, shaking her head.

'That's what he says himself, mem,' quickly returned Tommy, who seemed very proud of the absent Will. 'That's why he got me into the butter-milk trade. He says the beer-shop's no' a place for laddies.'

'Why does he stay in it himself, then?' inquired the old lady, as she



tha; Dick Steedman, she knew, was the owner of the butter-milk cart.

'Will's my brother, and he got me the job. I just started this morning.'

'And what's your name?'

'Tom—Tommy Heriot,' answered the child, with a glance past her at the parlor door, as if he were still suspicious there might be someone dwelling behind it he had not yet visited. 'Is there nobody here but yersel', mem?'

'Nobody,' replied Miss Martha, amused at the intent desire of this small boy to do his duty. 'This is not a land of houses, my dear, but one house all to itself. But you are a good boy to be so anxious to do your work, and if you wait a mo-

gave the cake into her small visitor's hand.

'Faither drinks, an' ma mither needs all we can earn,' responded Tommy; 'but he's lookin' out, mem. He'll no' stay there longer than he can help. Good-bye, mem, an' thank ye.'

Miss Martha was much interested. The next day she sought out Dick Steedman, the butter-milk man, and made inquiries about Tommy and the brave brother Will; and when she found that the tale the little milk-boy had told her was true in every respect, she invited him then and there to bring Will to see her the very next evening.

'Only mind you have clean faces, boy,' she observed. 'Water's cheap,

and even an ugly face looks handsome when it's well washed.'

So there in the picture you see Will and Tommy making ready for their visit to the kind old lady, who has asked them out to tea for the first time in all their lives. And though I am not much of a prophet, I can tell you what they don't know yet, and that is that Miss Martha has already heard of a good situation for Will, where he will earn money enough without being exposed to the temptations he is justly so afraid of for his little brother, and that he and Tommy, with her help and that of the good God, who ever blesses the efforts of His children to do right, will yet live to grow up two of the best men, and the heartiest abstainers that have ever flourished in good Newcastle, where all that I have told you once happened.—'Adviser.'

Eva's Lesson.

Eva had been carried off by Nurse kicking and screaming. It was not an unusual thing at all, for she was a spoilt child. No one but Nurse attempted to control her, and the more toys and pleasures she had, the worse she grew.

So Eva pranced up and down the nursery floor, pushing her pretty new toys away, and crying for passion till she was hoarse and exhausted.

Nurse took no notice. She sat down by the window, and looked out on the bright, calm moonlight of the winter evening. Everything was as bright as day, and the tracery of the front gate was as clear as if she was standing by it.

Eva pranced up and down the room, working off her passion in a storm of tears; and still Nurse sat silent, looking out into the moonlight.

Nurse's lips were silent, but her heart was speaking to an Unseen Friend—One to whom she talked all day long. 'O Lord!' she said, 'draw this little wayward lamb to Thy bosom! What shall I do if I cannot give in my account with joy? What will this little lamb do if she wanders away from the fold? Do Thou seek her and find her, dear Lord!'

'Hush!' Nurse was gazing out into the moonlight anxiously, and Eva left off crying and came to her side.

'What is it?' she asked, almost fearfully; for Nurse was unlatching the casement and peering out as if something was the matter. And then Eva heard the wail of a little child, and followed by what sounded like the long, low moan of an animal in pain.

'What is it, Nursie?' asked Eva, pressing nearer.

'It's someone in trouble, Miss Eva—in real trouble, I'm afraid.'

'Go down and see, Nursie,' pleaded Eva.

'Will you stay with Martha quietly, then, while I'm gone?'

Eva promised. She never broke her promise to Nurse.

'Then I'll come back again soon and tell you.'

She shut the casement quickly; and while Martha and the child looked eagerly out, Nurse sped down, still with that wailing in her ears, and crossed the brilliant piece of moonlight, and at length stood inside the front gate, peeping through the bars.

And peeping through the bars outside was a little child, scarcely bigger than Eva, dressed in gay, flaunting feathers—a little starving gipsy child!

'Oh! please,' sobbed the voice, 'please do give me some of your money, and some food! I'll be dreadfully beat if I go back without. Daddy hasn't given me no dinner, 'cause he knew I should beg better if I was hungry. And I ain't had no breakfast neither. Daddy said if I come back without no money he'd let me know about it. I can't get the gate open; and nobody won't give me any!'

'Poor, wee lamb!' said Nurse, fumbling at the lock; 'poor, wee lamb, that Jesus loves!'

The child recognized the gentle tone, and ventured close to her. 'And worse nor all,' she whispered, laying her head against Nurse's warm dress; 'he'll beat the little dog too. That's what he does if I don't bring no money!'

Nurse gathered the child close to her, and whispered that Jesus, the King of Glory, loved her, and wanted her to love Him. And then she took her round to the back door, followed by the shivering little dog, and gave them in charge of the cook, to have some food and

warmth; and then Nurse went back to Eva and told her the story.

'Will you give her some money?' asked Eva, with wide-open eyes of grief.

'The other servants will; I could not stay. But if your mother will let me, I'll go and see what can be done for her to-morrow. Oh! Miss Eva, pray to the dear Lord that He will call that little lamb to trust in Him. What can she do else?'

Eva looked very sorrowful.

'I'll try and be good,' she murmured, offering her lips for a kiss; 'and I will pray for the poor little girl. Perhaps Jesus will comfort her.'

'I am sure He will,' said Nurse earnestly.

And Eva picked up her toys slowly, and put them aside, determining to ask Nurse to take them to-morrow to the little gipsy girl whom Jesus was going to comfort.—'Our Darlings.'

The Flower and the Bee.

I asked the little lowly flower,
Who gave her perfume sweet,
And dressed her in her velvet coat,
So beautiful and neat?
And she told me it was God
Who clothed her with such care,
And taught her how to sweetly
breathe
Upon the evening air.

I asked the little, busy bee
I saw among the flowers,
Who taught her how to gather
sweets
To eat in winter hours?
From 'way down in a lily deep
She sang these words to me:
'Twas God the Father taught me
how;
He teaches every bee.

'Home Words.'





Why I Became a Prohibitionist.

(Founded on fact.)

My father was a staunch partisan, believing that 'his' party was devoted to the best interests of his country. Is it a wonder, then, that I, his eldest son, should grow up in the same faith, especially as I honored and revered my noble father more than any other man living?

I was just a little over twenty when the Civil War broke out. In our quiet country home we from time to time heard mutterings of the distant thunder that was soon to startle the whole land with its loud call to battle.

My young blood was all on fire with patriotic zeal. I was proud to be the first young man in the county to volunteer. My father, too, would fight, and my brother, next in age, not yet eighteen, joined us also. While my heart and that of my brother beat proudly at the thought of the trophies to be won, dear mother, bravely, nobly as she gave her best beloved in defence of her country, yet wished there had been a better and more peaceful way of settling difficulties than by the sword. The sweet smile that ever greeted husband and children came more seldom as the time of our departure drew near, and we noticed that there was more silver amid the golden brown hair than of yore.

As my story has more to do with myself and my son than of war and its issues, I will say in few words that my father and young brother lost their lives in battle, and I alone of the three who went forth strong and brave returned to the sorrowing mother.

Soon after, I married a good, sweet girl who became a loving daughter to my mother and a true helpmeet to me for many years. We had always been a very temperate family. We could boast that none of our ancestry had the taint of drunkenness in their blood. I had seen enough of the evils of strong drink in the army, and in the cities where saloons tempted the young. But when my boy was growing up to manhood I did not think it necessary to warn him against such places of temptation. My wife and mother had both been taken home to the 'Glory-land' when my son, now a young man of twenty-one, determined to go to Colorado to push his fortune. He was my only boy, and I had hoped to keep him with me, but since he was determined I could not say him nay.

For two or three years after he left home letters came regularly, telling of his promotion in the large store where he had obtained employment soon after going West. The very fact that he remained with the same master and had been promoted was sufficient guarantee for good conduct.

Alas! that in a moment my fond dreams should be shattered. . . . It was nearing the day of election for President. I had attended a large partisan gathering, and had spoken with all the enthusiasm of a soldier. Before returning home I called at the post-office for mail. Instead of a letter from my son there was one addressed in a strange hand. Some intuition caused me to tremble as I took it and put it in my pocket. When alone riding homeward I read as follows:—

'Dear Sir,—It is my painful duty to inform you that your son, after having par-

taken of brandy in a saloon, quarrelled with a companion and drawing a revolver, fatally wounded him. Your son fled to the mountains, and so far there is no clue to his hiding place.'

The letter concluded with words of sympathy and cuttings from newspapers confirming what he said.

I was dazed with grief, dumb with surprise that my boy should frequent saloons, and filled with remorse that I had never warned him of the dangers lurking in such places. My sorrow was too deep for tears. Long hours I sat thinking, my only comfort that my wife was spared this cruel blow.

One thing was clear to me even in my dazed condition. I could never, never again vote for a saloon party, for had it not robbed me of all that life holds dear?

I try to live for two reasons, first, hoping that ere I go down to the grave I may hear of my boy's repentance, the other that I may see the overthrow of the liquor traffic.—'Union Signal.'

Declining a Treat.

The following conversation was heard between two collegians, who were discussing a class dinner:

'Of course,' said one (with a consequential touch of self-complacency and patronage which students call 'fresh,' and which only length of days can cure), 'if a fellow hasn't wit enough to know when to stop, he'd better be careful at first. Some heads are built weak, you know.'

'Careful in what?' interpolated I, and both laughed.

'Why, drinking, of course,' said the first speaker. 'A fellow has to take his seasoning sooner or later. Some can stand it. Some cannot, at least for a while.'

He was, as I have intimated, a freshman. His friend, a bearded senior, the only son of a rich man, slapped him good-humoredly on the shoulder.

'When I was your age, old fellow, my father said to me, "If I had my life to live over, I would never take a glass of wine or smoke a cigar." I answered, "It would be foolish not to profit by what such a sensible man says. I have never tasted wine or touched tobacco, and I am glad of it—gladder every day I live. I might have been "built" with a strong head—and then, again, I might not.'

'What do you say when you are offered a "treat"?' . . .

'I say, "No, thank you, I never take it." Generally that settles the matter quietly.'

'And if they poke fun at you?'

'I let them "poke," and then stand ready to put them to bed when their heads give out.'

There are—for the comfort of mothers be it said—many 'fellows' strong enough to maintain this stand and sensible enough to see that the risks are not worth taking.—'Home-Maker.'

A Temperance Tale.

A mouse fell into a beer vat, poor thing, and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat:

'Help me out of my difficulty.'

'If I do I shall eat you,' said the cat.

'Very well,' replied the mouse. 'I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this.'

It was a sensible cat, and said:—'I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word and honor that I may do so.'

'Very well; I will give you the promise.'

So the cat fished the mouse out, and, trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant. The mouse darted away and crept

into a hole in the corner where the cat could not get him.

'But didn't you promise me I might eat you?' said puss.

'Yes, I did,' replied the mouse; 'but didn't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?'

And how many promises made in liquor have been broken!—Unknown.

Tobacco-Poisoning in Infants.

A medical journal calls attention to the danger that the infants of the poor are often poisoned by having to inhale an atmosphere saturated with tobacco smoke. It is suggested that with the limited accommodation at their disposal it is quite conceivable that men, after coming home from work and in the early morning, poison the air of the room in which the family live. A correspondent of the 'Medical Press and Circular' goes so far as to say that he has met with many such cases, the correctness of his diagnosis being proved by the recovery of the infants when the cause was removed. Infants a few days old, the writer adds, are naturally very sensitive to the effects of a pollution which would inconvenience even grown-up persons, and, although there is a tendency for intolerance to be established, it can only be at the expense of health. The symptoms are loss of appetite, sunken eyes, listless ways and restless nights, with nausea and vomiting. Nor is this danger to health and life itself confined by any means to the young children of the very poor. We have heard the late Dr. Willard Parker of this city say that he had been cognizant in his practice of cases not a few in which thoughtless smoking by fathers, of the well-to-do class, had undoubtedly sacrificed the lives of their sick and enfeebled little ones. They were unable to withstand the insidious and overpowering tobacco poison.

Signing a Pledge to Drink Moderately.

Mr. Allison observes: 'A gentleman of a very amiable and sociable disposition was unfortunately given to indulging in intoxicating liquors to an inordinate extent. Frequently he had disgraced himself in company by yielding to this appetite, till at last his friends asked him if he would sign a pledge to drink intoxicants only "moderately." He thought it was a good plan, and as he was a man who held his word as sacred, his friends congratulated themselves that they had done a good deed. A day or two after signing the pledge he was at a banquet, and, to the surprise of his household, he was brought home helplessly drunk. The next morning his friends and relations expostulated with him for having broken his pledge, when he replied, "It was no use. I made up my mind that I would only partake "moderately," but as soon as I had taken the first glass I could not stop. If the pledge had been to abstain entirely, I could have managed it, but I cannot drink moderately." He took the only plan that was open to him—signed a pledge to abstain entirely from all intoxicants, and with the help of God he has since kept that pledge.'

When every ninth day's wages of the laborers of the United States are handed over to the liquor dealers, putting about \$300,000,000 annually into their coffers, we need not be surprised at the power of millionaire brewers and distillers, and the influence of whiskey men and lobbyists over immoral politicians and feeble-minded legislators. To shorten or lengthen their lease of power is with the people.

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